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a road which is often congested with the flocks of other stanis. 233
In the dark and on ground he does not know the shepherd must 221
try to graze his sheep where he can, prevent them from mixing 461
with the animals of other flocks, and guard them from village [685]
or Sarakatsan thieves for whom the conditions are an opportunity and a temptation. At dawn they try to find some grass, 233
and here the mule-train (καραβάνι) with the older men, women, 234
and children, overtakes them to prepare a temporary milking- 221
pen. After the animals have been milked the women at once 461
begin to turn the milk into cheese, and later to bake bread. [492]
Meanwhile the shepherds graze the sheep until about 11 a.m. when the animals lie down to rest in the heat of the day. They are milked again in the evening before setting out on the next leg of their journey. But the women remain to make the cheese for the second time in the day, and to take a few hours of sleep before they move swiftly through the night to overtake the sheep once again. After a journey of perhaps ten days they finally reach their homeland, the high mountains of Zagori.

In the mountains shepherding practice changes. The sheep 233
graze at night in the cool air when their appetite is stronger. 234
At dawn the animals are watered and about 9 o'clock they are 461
milked. They then 'sleep in the shade' (σταλίζουν) until the late afternoon when they are milked again before setting out to graze in the fresh evening air. About once in every eight days 233
salt is spread on flat stones. They eat this greedily and are 461
watered immediately afterwards, a treatment which increases their will to graze in the summer heat, and is believed to strengthen them for successful mating.

The quality of physical courage, on which the Sarakatsani [597]
put so much emphasis in their list of the ideal attributes of the shepherd, is perhaps more necessary in summer than winter. Moving along, or over, the broken limestone ridges in the darkness from one plateau of grass to another requires a very sure foot and steady nerves. Sheep sometimes get into difficulties and have to be rescued. If an animal falls into a crevasse and breaks a leg it must be extricated, the limb bound and splinted, and the animal carried down the mountain to the village.

Immediately before or after the migration to summer pas- 233
tures, the animals are shorn. Already at the end of March some 236
wool has been taken from their legs and haunches but the full 461

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585 612 to make the bridal procession the spectacular occasion it must appear if their prestige is to be maintained in the community. [492] They give this support by their numbers, their own bearing, and the quality of their horses and the coloured woollen saddle-cloths which are draped over the backs of the animals. For whenever the procession passes through or close to a village both Sarakatsani and villagers line the path, to enjoy the spectacle with critical eyes, and to exchange greetings with the [522] riders. The watchers laugh excitedly and try to draw the riders into an exchange of bawdy quips and jokes, but the horsemen must remain unmoved with upright backs and proud serious faces.

Earlier on the same Sunday morning before the bridal procession sets out on its journey, the bridegroom is prepared for [302] his ordeal. Seated on a chair outside the door of his hut he is attended by a kinsman with the necessary skill, who cuts his hair, shaves his beard, and trims the moustache. This, like the sewing of the standard, is a part of customary wedding ritual. [533] The kinsmen gather about the groom and accompanied by the gipsy band sing about the shaving of the bridegroom. From time to time the singing is interrupted by heated debate between the watching kinsmen and the barber as to the style of the hair cutting, the angle of the moustache, and the effectiveness of the shaving. For they fear the appraisal of strangers on the road and the malicious hopes of the bride's kinsmen that the bridegroom will in some way look ridiculous.

585 605 292 After the barber has completed his task, two or three of the more senior first cousins with a reputation for worldly knowledge go into the hut to supervise the changing of the bridegroom's clothes (ν'ἀλλάξουν τὸ γαμπρό). The Sarakatsani [178] have abandoned the traditional kilt and today the prosaic costume of a bridegroom consists of a white shirt buttoned to the neck without a tie, and a blue suit of manufactured cloth. [754 833] The cousins help their young kinsman to put on these clothes to which he is not accustomed and they make certain that he does not change his underclothes; for with these an envious man or woman might affect the sexual potency of the groom by sorcery. As a prophylactic against the same peril they place some steel object in the folds of the shirt tails before he puts it on. As he is 585 605 dressed, almost like a child, they feed him with various pieces

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the services he has rendered. In short, the patron wants more honour, the client more benefits.

The third widely practised method of placating or influencing the President is to present him with a gift of cheese, butter, or meat. Some families do this each spring as a matter of general policy without having in mind any particular favour. They hope that the gift may moderate his general attitude towards them in the coming months. More often, families wait until they face some specific difficulty. A gift of cheese or some other produce is delivered to the President's home and then, perhaps two days later, the gift-giver walks into the village office and makes his request. The President may be helpful or he may not. The assumptions of the giver and the recipient of the gift are not necessarily the same. The giver hopes that the gift will arouse some sense of obligation in the receiver. But the latter, if he chooses to feel that the gift was forced on him against his will, may decide that he is not obliged to feel grateful. If he intends not to grant the favour, the refusal is never direct. The many difficulties which stand in the way are elaborated at very great length. He explains that he will see what can be done, he will write to a friend in Jannina, he wants to help. In fact he will do nothing; and the original gift is not returned.

A gift is frequently offered to the President by a Sarakatsanos when he meets with legal troubles. Stratos and a number of his kinsmen were using 20 mules to transport wooden planks from a saw-mill to the road below the village where the wood was loaded on to lorries. The area for the grazing of Sarakatsan mules and horses is an hour's climb above the village and this was very inconvenient for Stratos and the other muleteers. They chanced their luck and grazed their animals at night in the little-frequented village orchards close to their loading-point. On the thirty-ninth night of their operations they were discovered by the agricultural guard who from his examination of the length of the grass and some damage to young apple trees was confident of a very successful case. Stratos was not able to claim that the President was his friend, but since he was a law-abiding careful man his relations with the President had been generally good. He begged for his assistance, explaining the extreme difficulty the group would have suffered if each night

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'having pride', but also things. A shepherd's crook with a carved wooden handle is the privilege of respected heads of family. It has pride. A tselingas of high lineage trains a horse as a μπινέκι, an animal that will trot with the foreleg and hindleg moving together. Mounted on such a beast his pride is unassailable by lesser individuals. Other men might, without difficulty, train such an animal; a wage shepherd or a brother without an independent household might easily strut about the village square with a carved shepherd's crook in his hand. But these objects have pride only when a status has been achieved; they merely produce ridicule when it has been usurped.

The migrations between the plains and the mountains (particularly the spring journeys) are important occasions for the display of family pride, for then the entire community is on the road together with their flocks and their horses and mules. This is an opportunity to make a direct physical appraisal of a family, its bearing, and its wealth, in a way that at other times is not possible. 'For pride', on these occasions, horses and mules are decorated with coloured saddle-cloths, the sheep are loaded with large and sonorous bells; and if the spring shearing precedes the journey, one, two, or sometimes three long tufts of fleece (φούντες) are left on their backs. One or two late-born lambs that have been adopted as household pets are gaily decorated with lengths of coloured woollen cord. Despite the hardships of the journey, heat and dust in the spring, often continuous rain in the autumn, the men and women also give much attention to their own appearances. The women wear their best skirts, bodices, and shoes, the men are continually combing their hair and straightening their jackets. If a family has taken a new bride during the previous six months, this woman, decked in the finest clothes of her dowry, leads the first mule in the train so that she may be seen and remarked by all.

Similarly, a wedding is a setting for the display of pride. Men show pride in the dance by the dignity of their demeanour; each struggles to show himself first in skill and enthusiasm (περαχλῆς). The visible pride of the riders in the bridegroom's procession brings prestige to his family, but also the individual riders vie with one another in the quality of their horses and accoutrements and the severity of their bearing. For pride,

reached to the ground, capes of so coarse a weave and so stiff with rain that they looked as though their incumbents could almost step forth and leave them standing like sentry boxes. I next saw them in March the following year, when I was riding across Greek Macedonia and stayed a night in one of their smoky wigwams. Since then I had seen them again and again, all over northern Greece, in the plains in winter and in the mountains in summer, but always on the skyline or in the middle distance. True nomads, these self-appointed Ishmaels hover on the outskirts of ordinary Greek life as fleetingly as a mirage, only manifesting themselves to ordinary mortals in far-away glimpses. Suddenly, at a ravine's twist far from the scorched lowlands, one comes across their impermanent hamlets of conical huts on high ledges of the Pindus and the Rhodope mountains and in the sierras of Roumeli; and in winter, gazing down from the snows that have banished them, one can discern their clustering huts in the plains, the ascending smoke, and the slowly grazing flocks.

Every spring their beasts and their long caravans of horses, laden with all they possess, can be seen winding up into the thawed mountains, or halted around a sudden village of somber tents, to stream downhill again later to the withered autumnal plains which the rains will soon turn green. One discovers them binding lopped branches and osier twigs into the hemispherical skeletons of the huts which will house them for the season; shelters whose blackened and molting thatch will later mark where they have settled for a few months and vanished from again. Sometimes a far-off barking and the murmur of bells hint at their presence deep in the ilex woods or along a dazzling canyon where nothing stirs except, perhaps, a pair of floating eagles. Besides these rare apparitions, this fugitive community of about eighty thousand souls and of flocks amounting to several million head seems to have the gift of invisibility.

UNLIKE the seminomads of Greece — the Koutzovlachs and the Karagounis, who all have mountain villages from which to migrate and to which they return after their half-yearly journeys in search of winter pasture — the Sarakatsáns have nothing more solid than their abodes of wicker and rush. All of them, however, look to some range of mountains, some fold or cordillera where they have grazed their flocks for centuries of summers, as their home. Their lowland pastures are more variable, an uncertain sojourn with few claims on their allegiance. At the turn of the century the Sarakatsáns of northern Greece were the

pondered how I could get into conversation. Soon, with a clap of horny hands, he was summoning the *kafedji* and preparing to depart. The *kafedji* arrived laden with an armload of elaborate gear, and a boy followed leading a horse. The Sarakatsán mounted and laid his crook across his lap. The *kafedji* handed him two six-foot-tall candles, adorned with ribbons and fluttering white satin bows. Then followed all the frivolous-looking white baubles which, as I know to my cost, a *koumbaros* — the groomsman, sponsor, or best man — must contribute to the crowning of a groom and his bride at an Orthodox wedding. There were smaller candles, lengths of cloth in brown paper, parcels of sweets, and finally, the box containing the tinsel wedding crowns themselves. Suddenly my luck changed; as he moved off, a muslin bag of sugared almonds slipped and fell into the dust. I dived for it, ran after him, and, my luck still holding, remembered as I handed it over to utter the ritual phrase of a wedding guest to a *koumbaros*: "*Axioi tou misthou sou!*" ("May they be worthy of your hire!") He reined in, and placing his right hand over his heart, bowed his head in a ceremonious gesture of thanks. Then, after an up-and-down glance and a pause, he asked, in a queer rustic accent, what place I was from. When I had told him, I asked him where the wedding was to be. "Tomorrow at Sikarayia," he said, "two hours from here." After another pause, he said, "Honor us by coming." He repeated his graceful bow, and bristling with his crook and his candles and aflutter with satin ribbons, clattered off.

The carriage that bore us along a narrow-gauge track next day seemed as obsolete as an equipage in a museum. It was high and narrow, the coachwork was painted to mimic the graining of yellowwood, and the upholstery was threadbare tasseled velvet. This delightful carriage, fit for two travelers out of Jules Verne, carried us swaying through the Thracian sky at an abnormal height. The gorges and forests of plane trees, the rocky river beds, and even the scrub-mantled mountainsides seemed far below. Every so often we passed solitary police posts and lookout platforms on stilts, each one a pedestal for an armed and helmeted soldier; reminders of the nearness, and of the danger, of the Bulgarian frontier. Asprawl among the trees and bracken, blown there by guerrilla mines, the rusty remains of carriages were gloomy mementos of the civil war. The country shook in the noonday.

A jovial unshaven face appeared outside the moving windows, as though its owner were flying alongside. It was the ticket collector. When he

/87 cont./

343 Constructions for working with the livestock

The stroungha: the Sarakatsani build enclosures made of bundles of shrubs arranged in a ring and attached to posts set vertically at varying intervals, which they call stroungha.

Round or elliptical, these enclosures are provided with two openings diametrically opposite each other, one of which serves as entrance, the other as exit. On both sides of the second opening are placed two huge stones on which sit the shepherds entrusted with these tasks (fig. 73 and 75).

This very simple structure has no special interest from the point of view of building method.

Fig. 73

233 /88/ Herding

Herding is the cornerstone of the entire economic system of the Sarakatsani who are first of all herders of sheep, but also sometimes have large flocks of goats. Although pigs and fowl are also raised, their number is insignificant and boils down to an additional source of subsistence, but a very limited one. (19)

231 235

19. Neither pigs nor poultry can travel great distances. Nomadic peoples do not raise them. The Sarakatsani keep only a few which they transport on the backs of mules.

(492)

[illegible] pp. xii on p 109--Anglyst]

/135 cont./

602 571 182 Nevertheless, before going further, we should emphasize that our account would be incomplete if we did not mention particularly a complementary but interesting aspect of all the practices that we have cited: once having entered the system of kinship and alliances, the individual as well as the group find themselves socially labeled and classified once and for all, and know from then on who are their friends or possible adversaries. Hence/comes/ a feeling of security and integration, constituting a solid basis for the development of their relationships and their social activity.

/136/ The Principles of Married Life.

585 602 The life of the two spouses complies with some principles of extreme importance for the understanding of Sarakatsani society. The folklore of marriage, on the one hand, and some examples of the spouses' behavior, on the other, are very revealing in this respect.

[529] [474] [605] [572] [492] The day of the nuptials, which is always a Sunday, a procession made up of the fiance's male and female cousins, as well as his friends (namely, the young people of the Tseligato) forms at his house. All these people proceed on horseback to the dwelling of the fiancee, where they must take the latter and lead her to the abode of her future husband to celebrate the nuptials.

585 602 536 [583] Having arrived at the home of the young girl and while the women step aside, the men of the procession confront the men of the future wife's family. The two sides are armed. A mock battle is then engaged in, the companions of the fiance pretending that they want to carry away the young girl by force. In the course of this battle a goodly number of shots are fired on both sides. Afterwards the men of the fiancee's party withdraw as though "beaten" and a song follows the battle, simulating a dialogue between the future spouses:

[533] [539]

--Awake pretty girl with eyes of a young partridge
I have come to your dwelling...
--Since you are here, be welcome
There is a place for you...(etc.).

/140 cont./

585 602 848 562 We have spoken previously of the public consent of the bride's kin, the significance of which, beyond what we have pointed out, consists of granting to the marriage of the young girl all the guarantees of legitimacy and convention. It seems to us that this act presupposes a rule according to which "the children born from a proper marriage are legitimate."

However, though on this point we can proceed only by hypothesis, since the Sarakatsani do not express themselves, they are fortunately a certain number of practices which leave no doubt as to their function and which we shall now enumerate:

[221] [492] [484] First, in the course of the seasonal migration, if there is a new bride in the group, it is she who, on horseback, rides at the head of the caravan.

[554] [474] When one realizes that only the chief of the Tséligato has the privilege of traveling mounted while everybody else goes on foot, we understand that this distinction granted the bride has a profound significance. This significance cannot be reduced to the desire of the Sarakatsani to honor the bride, as was formerly maintained. (20)

20. See Hadjimichali: Ibid., A. I, p.

Neither in the ritual of marriage nor in the family life as such does one find anything that can justify such an attitude with regard to the bride.

On the contrary, we have seen that everything tends to place the latter in an inferior position. Now, the practices found in a traditional society cannot be mutually contradictory. They always form coherent systems, and it is obvious that where one thinks one sees apparent contradictions, there is in fact a profound and sometimes hidden reason that guarantees the equilibrium and the cohesion of the system in question.

Our conclusions about the social functions of marriage (to insure collaborators and friends among lineages) explain this phenomenon.

/179 cont./

He is seldom personally involved in herding, and carries a staff much shorter than that of the other shepherds, a staff /180/ which is also a sign of his rank. Moreover, he is the only one who has a saddle horse.

His dress is more elaborate than that of his men and his hut is always situated in the center of the encampment and built on the highest point.

Generally, his hut has a fretzato (circular enclosure adjoining the hut and forming a court) in which he receives visitors and where the negotiations with merchants take place.

It is he who offers hospitality, not forgetting, however, to write down the expenditures as part of the general cost of the business.

Nothing happens in the Tséligato that he is not advised of. However, his authority never gives him the right to interfere in questions concerning the private lives of the participants.

In the course of performing his functions, the Tséligas may, if he wishes, consult the other men of the Tséligato. Yet this almost never happens. There is only one situation in which he needs the opinion of the experienced shepherds; he inquires of them about the quality of the grass of different pastures meant for the various categories of livestock.

We see by this that the only case in which the opinion of the subjects of the Tséligas might be expressed is in an essentially technical, and not in an administrative matter.

This exception is very characteristic of the status and prestige of the Tséligas who must, above all, act with justice, objectivity, generosity, and prudence. Respected by all, he insures order and peace.

If one or another of the participants shows himself to be undesirable the Tséligas can turn him out before the expiration of his contract, but after the mutual obligations have been settled.